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Next door to the Post Office.  
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Office in Brewster's Block over Simmons & Co's  
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REAL ESTATE AGENTS.  
Parties desiring to sell or purchase real estate  
will find it to their advantage to call on us. We  
have already received several desirable dwellings  
and lots at our disposal which we shall be happy  
to show purchasers.  
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VERMONTERS, at home and abroad  
should send for the Catalogue of 200 Scenic  
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NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE,  
OATS.  
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand  
OATS.  
CORN,  
FLOUR,  
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And various other articles. Will sell at small  
margin from cost, for cash.  
V. F. CLAY,  
Middlebury, April 17th, 1868.

JACKSON'S CATARRH SNUFF  
AND TROCHE POWDER.  
A DELICIOUS & PLEASANT REMEDY IN  
Catarrh, Headache, Bad Breath, Hoarseness,  
Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs,  
Dyspepsia, &c.,  
And all Disorders resulting from Colds in  
Head, Throat and Vocal Organs.  
This Remedy does not "Dry up" a Catarrh but  
loosens it; free the head of all offensive matter  
quickly removing Bad Breath and Hoarseness; it  
also soothes the burning heat in Catarrh; it is so  
mild and agreeable in its effects that it positively  
Cures Without Sneezing!  
As a Troche Powder, it is pleasant to the taste,  
and never nauseates; when swallowed, instantly  
relieves the Throat and Vocal Organs; a  
Delicious Sensation of Coolness and Comfort  
is the best Voice Tonic in the World.  
Try it! Safe, Reliable, and only 50 Cents.  
Solely by Druggists, or mailed free. Address:  
JACKSON, WILSON & CO., Philadelphia.  
Wholesale agent, G. B. GORDON & CO.;  
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Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1868. NO. 52

MISCELLANY.

Not a Drop More, Daniel.

Daniel Akin had become a common drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of his appetite that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and her children to the parental roof. He had spent all his substance for drink, and was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food, and the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the society of friends, who had known him from his youth, and had a strong hope that in the course of time he would see his folly and turn again into the right path. The leading merchant of the place had let him have drink as long as his money lasted, and would trust him no longer. He was loafing about the store one bright moonlight evening, pleading with the merchant to trust him for a drink. His reply was, "Not a drop more, Daniel." He remained a while longer and left. At the end of the evening he fell upon him, he all at once began to give utterance to his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel. Am I drunk or am I sober? I am sober. Not a drop more, Daniel. Did I ask him to let me have a drink? No! Not but my money was gone. He has got everything I had. He has got the Bible my mother gave me. He has got the shoes which my wife bought for Jennie, and paid for with her own earnings. Not a drop more, Daniel. Daniel what say you to that? I say so, too. I once had good clothes, and now have nothing but rags. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have others as good as when May and I were married. I once had a good watch but that, too, is gone. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Haskins for drink. I have seen the time when I had a good horse and buggy, and could ride in as good style as any man in the place. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I own another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows which furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Haskins has got them. Not a drop more, Daniel, till those cows or others as good as those are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now there is not a cent. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this wallet is well filled again."

By this time he had reached the place where he had formerly resided, and he stood and leaned against the fence, and mused for along time in silence. He viewed the desolation of the scene by the light of the moon; and his eye ranged over the house and barn once his own, which had become out of repair.

He then said, "Once I owned this house and here I was born. Here was the pride of my father, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—Here I commenced my married life, and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort till Haskins came here, and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born; and there my Jennie died. Oh, how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her shoes and pawn them for rum, while she lay sick. And then how she begged me to forsake her never to strike her mother again. And Oh, my wife, how shamefully have I abused you! It was not you Daniel that did it. No! it was that cursed rum that Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They will not let me live with you. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this house is mine again. Not a drop more, Daniel, till those broad acres are again in my possession, and that wife and children that are living, are in grander rooms, and we are a happy family once more. Not a drop more, Daniel, so help me God, till all these things are accomplished. I thank you, Haskins, for these words. I shall not forget them."

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoken in a tone so loud that he had not heard the wagon which by this time had reached the road in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker who had been mentioned. He stopped his horse and heard distinctly the language which Daniel used. As he closed his solitary he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said, "Daniel, does this mean to keep you here?"

"Oh, do."

"These have promised a great many times that they would drink no more. What makes them think they will keep their vow?"

"I know, Friend Edgerton, I have often vowed to drink no more, but now I feel different from what I ever did before. My heart is broken, and I feel my weakness, and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant it may be so. Daniel, get in and take a seat. These must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written; and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York, and work his passage around the Cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"These want to see thy wife and children before they go."

"Yes, Friend Edgerton, I do, but they have become estranged from me. If I went, perhaps they will not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed, it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, as I hope to do, by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who shall know where I am and what I am doing."

Thus while riding towards the quiet farm-house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the place, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. He said as they took seats before the fire, "Am I, there may put on another plate; Daniel will stay with us a few days and then he will go to California."

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Akin would keep his resolve.

At length when everything was in readiness the old horse was harnessed, and before day-light Daniel Akin was on his way to a railway station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words, "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it was supposed he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's father lived in the adjoining town, and some thought he had gone there.

No inquiries were made, for all were rejoiced that he was missing, and cared not for his return.

He had been gone somewhat more than a year when the Quaker was in the store of Haskins and remarked that he wished to hire a pasture the coming season. "I have got one I will let you have free of rent if you will put up the fences on the place," said Haskins.

"Where is it?" said the Quaker.

"On the Akin farm."

"Oh, he will let it at that rate these must have let it get out of repair."

"It is indeed; I cannot leave the store to see to it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it was used to shiftless to buy wood, and burnt up the rails. I had rather sell it than rent it."

"What will he take for it?"

"It cost me some sixteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, but these paid in goods and charged him one price on them."

"To be sure I did; Akin could not get trusted anywhere else, and I felt I was running a great risk in letting him have goods and I charged accordingly, just as everybody else would under the circumstances."

"These has not told me what these would take for the place. I will give thee eight hundred for it, if that is any object to thee."

Haskins thought long enough to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better for him than the farm, for the use of which he realized scarcely anything, and said, "You can have it."

"These can make out the deed to-morrow, and thee shall have the money. By the way, does thee know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No. He has not been in the village for more than a year. At any rate, I have not seen him."

We may tell the reader what Haskins did not know. The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Akin stating that he was at the mines hard at work, and was sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," and that he had laid up a few hundred dollars, and desired him to inquire what the place he once owned could be bought for. Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above mentioned to find out Haskins' views. So confident was he that Daniel Akin would come home a sober man with money in his pocket, that he ventured to purchase it, for the purpose of keeping it for him.

He wrote to Akin what he had done, and about three months after received a letter stating that by express he had sent five hundred dollars in gold, to a banker in New York, with orders to sell it and remit proceeds to him, to go towards the farm. A gold commanded a large premium and the five hundred became more than eight hundred before it reached Friend Edgerton's hands. Akin requested him to draw a deed giving the whole property to his wife, Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of deeds.

In his letter, if perchance I should ever break my resolution, I shall have secured a home for my wife and children. I prefer, however, that they should not know anything of this for the present. If I live to come home, I will give Mary the deed with my own hands—if not you can do it. Now that the farm is bought you had better stock it, for I still stick to my motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel."

Another year past. By this time Friend Edgerton had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep. The fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance.

Another reminiscence came which paid for all the stock and with an overplus with which to repair the house.

Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who chanced to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs all completed—furniture found its way to the house. A yoke of oxen were seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse, and riding in a new buggy.

He received this short note one day: "I have arrived, all safe and sound. Go and get Mary and the children."

He rode over to the adjoining town and called at Mary's father's and invited her and the children to go home with him, and make him and his wife a visit. They accepted the invitation and he took them home.

The next morning he said, "Mary, I have got to go to the railroad station, but thee and the children can stay with Amy. He went and got Daniel Akin, and did not reach home till after dark. He left Daniel in his own house, nicely furnished,

to which he had previously conveyed provisions, and left him there to pass the night.

The next morning he said, "Mary, I suppose thee has heard that I had bought the old place. I have got it fitted up, and I want thee and the children to ride over and see it after breakfast. I think thee will like it."

They rode over and were surprised to see the changes which had taken place. They looked through the lower rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass in large letters were these words:

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"No, I have not heard a lip from him for more than three years."

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"Yes, indeed."

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"Don't you know me, Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said, "I must go and get Amy. Mary this house and farm are thine. Daniel has the papers for thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee likes. There will live happily now—her that (pointing to the frame over the fireplace) NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL, is his motto now, and it will be his during life"—J. J. D., Cong & Recorder.

"No You Don't!" It is well known that during the first two years of the war many a poor fellow lost an arm or a leg at the hands of the surgeons, which could have been saved with a little care. The medical department were "practicing" with a vengeance, and it was useless for the mangled victims of the battle field to protest. The night succeeding the last awful day of Shiloh, a boy from Memphis, a private in a Tennessee regiment of cavalry, was brought into the operating room of one of the hospitals and stretched upon the table for examination. A bullet had gone through his thigh, and the surgeon, after a hasty glance at the wound, called for his instruments, at the same time directing several attendants to assist at the amputation of the limb. But he had reckoned without his host. The injured man began to plead for his leg, begging to be permitted to die in preference to losing it.

The doctor paid no attention to his protests, but ordered his assistants to do their duty. They sprang forward, and at the same time the patient drew from his bosom a six shooter, saying:

"Now, doctor, I've been respectful and it don't do any good. Listen to me. The first man that lays a hand upon me to take that leg off, will get his brains blown out!"

The surgeon stepped forward, knife in hand; an assistant seized the left hand, and received the weight of his pistol on his temple, measuring his length upon the floor. Esculapius heard the "click" of the hammer, and found the muzzle within an inch of his ear, while in calm, determined tones, came the words:

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They rode over and were surprised to see the changes which had taken place. They looked through the lower rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass in large letters were these words:

"NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL."

Mrs. Akin said, "Oh! if Daniel could only have said those words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

The Quaker said, "Then thee don't know where Daniel is?"

"No, I have not heard a lip from him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Let us walk up stairs."

As they went up the front stairs, Daniel Akin slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the sitting room. When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant.

The Quaker said, "It is a friend, Mary. Upon this Daniel turned round, and in the man with heavy beard and mustache, she did not recognize her husband."

"Don't you know me, Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said, "I must go and get Amy. Mary this house and farm are thine. Daniel has the papers for thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee likes. There will live happily now—her that (pointing to the frame over the fireplace) NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL, is his motto now, and it will be his during life"—J. J. D., Cong & Recorder.

"No You Don't!" It is well known that during the first two years of the war many a poor fellow lost an arm or a leg at the hands of the surgeons, which could have been saved with a little care. The medical department were "practicing" with a vengeance, and it was useless for the mangled victims of the battle field to protest. The night succeeding the last awful day of Shiloh, a boy from Memphis, a private in a Tennessee regiment of cavalry, was brought into the operating room of one of the hospitals and stretched upon the table for examination. A bullet had gone through his thigh, and the surgeon, after a hasty glance at the wound, called for his instruments, at the same time directing several attendants to assist at the amputation of the limb. But he had reckoned without his host. The injured man began to plead for his leg, begging to be permitted to die in preference to losing it.

The doctor paid no attention to his protests, but ordered his assistants to do their duty. They sprang forward, and at the same time the patient drew from his bosom a six shooter, saying:

"Now, doctor, I've been respectful and it don't do any good. Listen to me. The first man that lays a hand upon me to take that leg off, will get his brains blown out!"

The surgeon stepped forward, knife in hand; an assistant seized the left hand, and received the weight of his pistol on his temple, measuring his length upon the floor. Esculapius heard the "click" of the hammer, and found the muzzle within an inch of his ear, while in calm, determined tones, came the words:

"No you don't!"

"Carry him out!" growled the doctor; "let him die!"

But he didn't die. Got well, served through the war in Forrest's command, and when last he told me the story, clapping his thigh he remarked:

"That's just as good a leg as any man's leg, and worth a cord of cork legs."

Victor Hugo has sent the following letter to Garibaldi: "Dear Garibaldi! There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles; a harp in that of Judas Maccabeus; Orlando sent a copy of verses to Charlemagne; Frederick II. addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds, inspires you with great thoughts. Farewell, illustrious friend. Victor Hugo."

Mr. Burlingame gets a salary of \$53,000 in gold and a retinue of thirty Chinese officials in his new position.

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Collection of Herbarium, 1.75  
" Bulbifer, 1.75  
" Verbenas, 1.75  
" Astera, 1.75  
Committee—Col L. E. Knapp, Middlebury; Mrs L. E. Knapp, Middlebury; Miss Abby Matthews, Cornwall; Miss Mary Linsley, Middlebury.

BREAD AND CAKES.  
Family Bread, 2 loaves, 9 1  
Corn " 1.50  
Biscuit, 1.50  
Pound Cake, 1  
Sponge " 1  
Fruit " 1  
Jelly " 1  
Delicate " 1  
Assortment of sweet & fatty cakes, 1.50  
Homemade Crackers, 1  
Specimens of each variety of fruit or vegetable Pie, .50

Committee—Mrs Geo Hammond, Middlebury; Mrs Norman A Fletcher, Middlebury; Mrs B S Beckwith, Middlebury.  
H. O. GIFFORD, President.  
A. J. CHILDS, Secretary.

How Paper is Made in China.  
Most of the paper used in China is made from the bark of various trees and plants, and from the bamboo. The manufacture of handloom paper is carried on extensively in the southern part of the country. In selecting stock from the bamboo plantations on the mountains, preference is given to the stems, which are about to put out branches and leaves. Early in the month of June the canes are cut into pieces from five to seven feet long, and placed in a pit which is supplied with water. After soaking for several weeks the canes are beaten with mallets, in order to remove the thick bark and green skin. The remaining filaments, resembling a fine sort of hemp, are treated with lime and water raised to a certain temperature. After remaining in this bath for about a week the filaments are removed, washed with cold water, passed through a ley made of wood ashes, and then placed in a boiler. This process is repeated until the materials begin to grow putrid, when it is transferred to a mortar and pounded into pulp by means of water power, after which the mass is treated with bleaching powder. The pulp thus prepared is made by hand into various thickness by means of a web of silk tissues within a light frame, on to which the workman places the required quantity of pulp. When the water runs off from the corners of the frame, he turns the sheet over on a large table, when it is pressed. Each sheet is afterward raised and dried separately in a kiln built for that purpose.

Writing paper is made from the finest part of the bamboo material. Another kind is made by mixing also straw with bamboo fibres. A very strong paper used for window blinds, and other articles, which in this country are generally constructed of woven substances, is made by mixing 60 per cent of bark obtained from